

The Garland.

SUMMER—BY MRS. MRS. NORTON.

This is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When rooks gleam white for many a winding mile,
When green breezes fan the lark's throat,
And balmy rest repays the time of toil—
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tender senses of the heart-grown noor—
When the old grandeur rises, with placid smile,
The sun burn crimson from the face of the noor,
And tattered robes deck the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings, when the moon
Rises accompanied by a single star,
And rivals even the brilliant Summer noon,
In the clear radiance which she pours afar—
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the fleecy clouds which round her lay,
Beneath the wheels of her illuminated car,
While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleams the lashed round many an ocean bay.

Oh, the deep shades of hushed, afraid to beat
In the deep absence of all other noise,
And home is sought with loath and lingering feet
As though that shining track of fairy ground
Once left and lost might never more be found,
And happy seems the life that glazes lead,
Who make their nests where many banks abound,
In nooks where untroubled flowers shed their seed
A canvas spreading tent the only roof they need.

Miscellaneous.

Some of these Days.—BY C. GRIEVE.

CHAPTER I.

I had a royal estate upon the Mississippi, about a hundred miles above Orleans, managed by a man who was perfectly competent, entirely devoted to my interest, and supremely honest. He must have been purposely created to take charge of my business. I think he was convinced of the fact—was proud of it, and believed that Fate and Nature had constituted him special guardian to my helpless self.

Then I had bank stock and wharf property in Orleans, which paid me a great income. Christian Corke's nephew—a merchant there—collected this and paid it to me half-yearly. I had nothing to do even in my own affairs. You have seen some people on whom everybody waits, and whom the world will not let help themselves. Well, it seems I am one of that sort. Everybody waits on me.

My father and mother slept under their marble slab, among the orange trees. Once I had a wee sister, long ago. Her little urn glistened under the orange trees, too. There was no one to control me, not even dear old Aunt Deborah, who was my only near relative, and who kept my house, because she did not know what that boy George would do without some one to look after him. In her eyes I was human perfection, and she waited on me even more than the rest.

My own master, an ample fortune, and nothing to do—what a trinity of qualities. I read everything, from romances to polemics—from bagatelles to science—from poetry to politics—rode, hunted, and knew society from Boston to Orleans. I felt very comfortable, and was perfectly satisfied with my world as it was.

I had reached the mature age of six-and-twenty, without committing matrimony—worse still, had never tendered heart and hand to any one, and what some would think the height of atrophy, had seen no one to whom I had ever felt inclined to make the proffer.

Was not this behaving badly? Aunt Deb evidently thought so. True, she never openly expressed the opinion, but for some time she had "kept up a mighty hinting." As time passed, her hints grew stronger. One evening she unmasked her guns and opened her battery upon me.

"George, do you know you were twenty-six, last week?" said the old lady, looking under her specs at me, as I lay on a couch in the back parlor, teasing Una and reading Juvenal.

"I have a vague idea of the fact, Aunt Deb. All the servants came for presents, and you had dinner enough for a regiment. That looked like a birthday, somewhat."

"You are getting old fast, George."

"Yes, Aunt Deb, at the rate of one year every twelve months. But that's about the average, isn't it?"

"George, it is time you were married," said the old lady, with evident effect, laying aside blank cartridges, and shutting her guns.

"What for, auntie?"

"Why, everybody gets married. Don't you intend ever to be married, and do other people?"

"Well, I reckon so, Aunt Deb, some of these days."

"Some of these days, indeed! Why not now, George?"

"Well, Aunt Deb, if I was married, I would have to be married to somebody, I suppose, and I am sure I don't know any one whom I want, and no one shows a great desire for me."

Whereupon, my good aunt, with most praise-worthy industry, passed in review before me the whole catalogue of her young lady acquaintance—old and young—thin and fat—long and short—blonde and brunette—expatiating on their merits as she brought them forth, as a shopman would show and recommend his wares, indulging in that fine belief, universally entertained by old lady relatives, that her nephew, George, had only to designate a preference, and the favored fair one would at once recognize his right of election, and be but too happy to take charge of his keys.

But I would not select one; for the contrary declared them all. Aunt Deb looked quite sad. She would have been angry if the thing had been possible, but it was not; so, bidding me a mournful "good night," she betook herself to her room.

"Good night, Aunt Deb," I replied to her adieu. "Don't be uneasy, I'll get married, just to please you, some of these days."

What should I get married for, I wonder, soliloquized I, after auntie had gone. Married! bah, twenty years hence will do for that, but not now—not some of these days, some of these days—and trimming the light, stretched myself again upon the lounge in the back parlor, and went on with Juvenal.

After while the servants came in, lighted up the front parlor with a profusion of white flowers, and went off without saying anything to me.

By-and-bye, persons, most of whom were strangers to me, entered and ranged themselves about the lighted room. They had a sort of expectant look, and conversed in low tones—none of them came into my room, said anything to me, or in any way recognized the fact of my existence, though they could not very well help seeing me. I was rather surprised at this, but supposing it was one of Aunt Deb's church arrangements, with which I never meddled, lay still, waiting to see what would long.

Presently, a strange minister, whose long white hair floated freely over his still ruddy face and sacerdotal robes, took his stand at the end of the room, and almost at the same moment six couples entered, and, approaching him, filed off to the right and left.

This looked marvelously like a marriage to take place. Several of the gentlemen were my own intimate friends, but I did not know one of the ladies. It was

high time that I should know what sort of capers were about to be cut, so, unexpectedly to me, in my own house, so laying down the Juvenal, I patted Una on the head to keep her quiet, and was about to advance towards my company, when I saw Aunt Deb standing at the door of the room I was in, beckoning to me.

As a matter of course, I went to her, feeling sure that she understood and could tell me the how and why of this strange procedure.

"Brownie is waiting for you, George," said Aunt Deb, in a low tone, as a young lady in bridal dress and veil, stepped thro' the door and stood before me.

She was indeed lovely. Hair of that rich lustrous brown, which is the most beautiful in the world—a clear semi-brunette, with a nut-brown tint mingling with the warm blond in her cheek—a large, full, dark blue eye—a little active figure, yet round and exquisite in its proportion, and a mobility of feature, which telegraphed in the face every feeling as rapidly as it entered the heart. She was such a woman as I had never seen before, and cannot remember that I had ever imagined.

Instinctively I extended my hand to her, and when hers met mine there was something in its clasp wholly new to me. It seemed to wrap around mine, and the two hands as they were absorbed by each other.

Almost unconscious of what I was doing, and controlled by some influence, I knew not what, I placed her hand upon my arm, and with my eyes fixed on her, we advanced to the minister and took our places before him. The solemn marriage ritual of the Episcopal church proceeded, made more solemn still by the deep pathos of the old bishop's voice, and I, George, pledged my faith to her—Brownie—under the solemn sanction of the church. I lifted her veil and pressed my lips to hers. I had kissed bright lips before, many a time, but never as now. There was a something there, I have often since striven in vain to know what, the memory of which will cling to me forever. It seemed as if new soul was entering into my soul, and mingling with it, and that thereforward my being was to be different and dual.

I was about to fold her in my arms, to take her as mine, as part of myself, when a strange smile came across the old bishop's face, and separating us with his hand, he said quietly—

"Not yet, George, not yet. You are hers, and she is yours, but you must love her much more, and wish for her much longer, before you can possess her."

I objected and argued in vain. To all I urged the bishop replied only with his strange cold smile, while the bridal cortege closed round my wife and slowly followed the bishop from the room, leaving me astounded and half-stupified in the middle of the floor.

Aunt Deb closed the procession. As she passed out of the door she stopped a moment, faced round to me, and said with a queer look on her face—

"Some of these days, George, some of these days."

The lights went out one by one, leaving me there. The night air grew chill and damp around me. Una whined piteously, and rubbed herself tremulously against my knees, till she half aroused me from my stupor, and I went up to my chamber, puzzled, pestered, and sadly out of humor. I thought over the awkward position in which I was, as well as my confused faculties would permit, and finally went to sleep, with a distinct determination to find out in the morning, whether I was really and legally married to Brownie, and if I was, to have her back in spite of all the bishops in the universe.

CHAPTER II.

"What's the matter now?" I exclaimed, half asleep, as I found myself roughly shaken.

"Time you was gotten up, Mass George. Bofe bell's rung. Miss Deb she's dun in bain' breakfast for you long time," she says, please come," grunted Jim, the butler ebony of a dozen years, when the butler had taken to keep in the dining-room.

"Yes, sir, she is so, been dar ever so long; I reckon she's dun set down and git up agin a dozen times. You aint sick nor nothin', is you, Mass George?"

"Who else is at table with her, Jim?"

"Der aint nobody else. Der aint nobody else fur to be dar, 'ceptin you. Git up, Mass George."

"Where are all those people who were here last night?"

"Well, der warn't nobody here, as I knows on, 'ceptin you and Miss Deb. Mass Corke be cum to the house after sunset, but he never cum in. All dem people—well, I declare, you's dreamin' agin, Mass George."

"Git up to you git fast asleep."

"Well, maybe I am, but I'll soon see, and making my toilet as rapidly as I could, went down, determined to know upon what sort of pretence Aunt Deb had ventured to entrain me into matrimony with a lady I did not know, and then to spirit her away as soon as I was married.

Before going to the breakfast-room, I went to the front door and examined the turf of the lawn. There was no trace of wheels either upon the grass or carriage track, and when I went in, the old lady was sitting at the head of the table, looking just as she always did, innocent, simple-hearted, and good as she could be.

"Aunt Deb," I asked at length, "what became of you, when you left the parlor last night?"

"Went straight to bed, honey—that is, after reading my bible a little while."

"Nobody here last night, after sunset, was there?"

"Nobody, that I heard of, George."

I looked hard at the old lady. It was plain she was not deceiving me. It was very odd, no doubt, Jim was right. I must have been dreaming.

But it was a strange dream; with an almost tangible reality I could see Brownie there before me, with every line and lineament perfectly distinct, and the low rich tones in which she repeated the marriage vows were still sounding in my ear. It is no doubt a dream, but still, was so far a reality, that I felt that then and therefor I was wedded to that woman, and never would be any other.

That day my whole mind was taken up with the memory of my dream and of Brownie. As a matter of course, I scarcely spoke to any one. Aunt Deb noticed it, and supposed I was conning over her good advice. After supper she drew her rocker up to my couch and endeavored to improve the occasion.

"Well, George, I hope you have been thinking over what we were talking about last night."

"What's that, Aunt Deb," I asked, rousing myself with a start.

"Why, you know, I advised you to get married, and you said you would think about it."

"I intend to get married, Aunt Deb, by all means."

"Do you, my dear George; I am so delighted. Which of those women were we talking about you intend to take?"

"Pshaw! Aunt Deb, you don't suppose I would marry any of those girls do you. If you do, you are very much mistaken."

"Well, I can tell you, sir, they are all mighty good girls. If they want suit I should like to know who you intend to marry?"

"Why, Brownie, of course."

"Brownie! Who is Brownie? Brownie who?"

"Why, the lady that—I can't tell you the rest of her name just yet, Aunt Deb, all I can tell you is that her first name is Brownie, and that I shall be married to her."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"There was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

"When was a noose—when exactly the thing I would like to know; but I did not do, all I could do was to repeat what I said, and I said it."

one on the upper deck sang out, "Not yet, George, not yet, some of these days." I turned round with a stamp to confront the old bishop, but it was only a dead hand shouting to one of his fellows.

Well, bad as it was, the evil was not without its solace. This time I was not dreaming. Brownie was now real. She was going east, so was I, and I knew that we must meet some of these days, if not sooner.

I hunted Philadelphia and Cape May, New York and Saratoga, Boston and Newport, but Brownie was not to be seen. I came at last to the conclusion to stop looking for her, and trust to Providence to bring us together.

After cruising around, I was going from Washington to Philadelphia to join a party, when the train stopped as we got near the Relay House. Another train was moving slowly by. I was leaning my head listlessly against the car window, when, from the opposite car, I heard some one exclaim, "Oh, there he is, look!" I turned my head carelessly, and there at the car window, for one second, I saw Brownie looking at me, her eyes radiant and her cheeks glowing.

Another second, the engines left on their steam, the trains rushing away in opposite directions, and I could see only a handkerchief fluttering from the window.

I hunted up the conductor at once; as a matter of course, he was in the furthest car. It was impossible for him to stop the train. If he did I could never catch the other.

"Never mind, colonel," said he, consolingly, "you'll have better luck next time, and light on your friends some of these days!"

"Hang some of these days. Where was the train going?"

"This train was it? One was going south, the other east. I had noticed but the one, so I only knew that Brownie was going somewhere away from me."

My Philadelphia party determined to go to the Virginia Springs, and a few days saw us half covered with dust emptied from a stage coach at the White Sulphur. It was the height of the season and the crowd tremendous. Eatables were rare at any price, and money could command no better lodging than a very small mattress upon the ball-room floor. As fairly feet were moving over that floor until midnight, and then some fifty of us were turned loose into the one room, a single night's experience testified me, and I went over to the old Sweep, where some one told me accommodations were to be had.

They gave me a good cabin on a grassy hill side. I plunged into the bath, the most glorious one, I think, in the world, took my nap, ate a capital supper and dressed; by that time the band was audible in the ball-room. Everybody seemed good, and, as I had nothing else to do, I went too.

The ball-room was crowded, especially near the door, and it was difficult to get in. Once in, I ascertained that the centre of the room was occupied by a huge cotillion of half a dozen or more couples to a side, while the lookers-on stood around a half a dozen. As a man will do in a strange place, I went over to the rear, and began to look over the crowd to see if I could see any familiar faces.

Before me stood a very pretty girl, leaning on the arm of a fine handsome fellow, chatting away in high glee about some of the occurrences of the day. As a matter of course I was obliged to hear every word they said.

"Where's your cousin?" he asked, presently.

"In her cabin," was the reply. "She will be in after while. She's a little nervous, to-night. I declare it is so funny; and the bright young thing lead back her head and laughed, as if she was enjoying something hugely."

"What makes her nervous this evening; does she expect a declaration?"

I do not know that she does; but she has been saying for the last two hours, that he is here, and they are to meet now at last. 'Tis the strangest notion that ever got into a clever girl's head, and you know there is no mistake about her being clever."

"Very smart woman, indeed,—unusually so,—but tell me all about that. I've heard of some queer notions she had about somebody, but never could get at the story. Tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Last winter, somewhere about the first of December, we were down at Uncle Harry's, in Mississippi. Coz and I used to sleep together. One night, about two or three o'clock, she woke me up. 'Bettie,' said she, 'Bettie, I'm married, and they've taken me away from my husband, or him from me, and you don't know how miserable I feel.'"

"I knew she had been dreaming, and supposed she was only half awake then, so I thought I'd talk to her, find out her dream, and laugh at her about it in the morning, for she always cared less about her than any girl I ever saw; so said I, 'Well, that's a pity, Coz. Was he handsome?'"

"Yes, Bettie he was the handsomest man I ever saw; at least I think so."

"Did you used to know him, Coz?"

"Never saw him before they married him to me. But oh, Bettie! I do love him so dearly! Where is he?"

"He'll be back presently, I reckon. What was his name?"

"George."

"George? Who? What was his other name?"

"I don't know,—and sighing wearily, she turned over and went to sleep again."

"In the morning I jested her about it, but she took it very gravely. She said she had been married to George, and he had been separated from her. She loved him very dearly, and knew she would be his wife one of these days; but she wished she could be then. Well, every now and then she would talk to me about George; but, except being able to describe him very minutely, she can tell nothing of her dreams; it seems so confused, she cannot get it straight in her own mind."

"That is rather odd. Does she think she would know him again if she was to see him?"

"Certainly; and more than that, she says she knows when he is near her, and has seen him twice. In the spring, she insisted that he was on the boat with her, and after we got on the wharf declared that she saw him, and he knew her at once."

About two weeks ago she said she saw him pass her in the cars, and that he knew her again. Now she says he is here to-night. She is very anxious to see him, but feels very nervous about it."

"What do you think of all this?"

"I don't know, but I think," said Miss Bettie, gravely. "If any one else were to talk so I should think they were crazy."

"But I know she is not crazy. I wish I knew what to think. What is your opinion of it?"

"Merely the effect of an over-excited imagination. In her dream she has recalled to her memory the face of some person she had seen, perhaps in childhood, and seeing the persons you allude to for only a few seconds, she saw in them a real or imaginary resemblance to the face."

"Excited imagination—thunder!" muttered

tered I. "Brownie's here now!" and with eager eye I scanned the crowd moving through it as well as I could, until I got near the dining-room door, through which most of the ladies entered the ball-room.

Presently I heard a voice. I knew it was hers at the first word. I looked under the arm of a huge man before me, and there was Brownie, in all her glorious beauty, leaning on the arm of an old gentleman. My heart beat—every pulsation sounding through me like the clang of a sledge-hammer.

Presently her escort left her for a little, and lifting the huge man off her for a little, I extended my hand to her for a little, and could say nothing but "Brownie!"

Her face turned white as marble, and then the red blood rushed back to it. She only said, "O George!" but her soft small hand met mine with the same encircling, absorbing clasp. I looked round to see that no one was noticing us, drew her out of the door, and throwing over her head the first scarf I laid my hand on, we wandered through the long dining-room into that glorious old portico which runs the whole length of the building.

Along that old portico we walked that night, until the ball was thinned and the last dance left, and the band put up their instruments in their green bags, and went—nobody knew where, and when at midnight, I bade her good night at her cabin door, she was my Brownie and I was her George.

I am writing in the old back parlor, and at the table with me sit Brownie and Aunt Deb, while upon the carpet, all mixed up in one pile, are Una and little Brownie, and George, Jr.

Jones, Jr., says that his neighbor has a very nervous, eccentric dog, that displays a fondness for midnight vocal exercise, and desires to know a remedy. For quieting the nerves of a dog, we know nothing equal to strychnine.

A STRANGE STORY.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post tells the following strange story, the truth of which, he says, may be relied on: "The Abbe Vigual, Confessor to the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, carried about with him, sewn up in his garments, the last will and testament of the fallen monarch, in which he declared